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Ef de misses ub de house 'nocks a dish-cloth down, she's a guineter hab company.

Ef you lef' eye itches, yus gwinter be crossed fer dat day's gone.

Ef yo' rite eye itches, sumfins bound fer to pleas' yo'.

Ef yo's har lies out en bleaches in de sun en de moon, yo's suah ter 'ab better health.

Remedies for Chills.—Ef yo' has chills, youse teke notice how many chills youse has, cut a notch in a piece of wood fer each chill, en throw it in a runnin' stream whar yar never spects ter pass no mo', an blow youse bref on hit, es youse t'row hit in, an den go rite stra't on, home, en don look back, en you'll neber hab no mo' chills. Dats w'at de ole fo'ks sez, en deys knows w'at's w'at. But dis yeah un, I does know is so, kaze I's dun tried hit mise'f. Dat is, ef youse goes to a oak-tree on de sunny side, en boe a hole in hit toward de north side dez bout to de h'art, en blow yo' bref in hit, en stop hit up tight, den de tree'll die, end yu's won't hab no mo' chills. Dat's sarta — in en sho, dat is, fo' I's dun been dun hit mise'f."

MARY WALKER FINLEY SPEERS.

EARLEIGH HEIGHTS ON SEVERN,
MARYLAND.

AN INGALIK CEREMONIAL IN ALASKA.—The following account of one of the nature dances of the Ingalik of Alaska is given by Miss Margaret C. Graves, in *Tit-bits* (vol. xv, No. 2), published at St. Timothy's School, Catonsville, Md. Miss Graves says, in a letter written from Anvik, Alaska, —

"Last night I went to the village to see one of the nature dances. I will try the best I can to describe it, because from the point of view of a spectacle it was worth seeing. For two or three months during the winter there is constant feasting from one village to another. Friday night the 'feasters' came, — eight dog-teams from the Shageluk, preceded by a messenger. The visitors cannot enter the village until the messenger announces their arrival and brings back the word that they are welcome. Three days the feasting lasts, and then they have to leave. The ceremony was quite pretty last night at the Kashime. The Kashime is the town hall, a large underground room. It is quite an experience to go into it, — down on your hands and knees and crawl under a great flapping bear-skin. I believe I am not inaccurate when I say there are not many underground rooms left, except among the Eskimos.

"The ceremony was quite pretty as the visitors came in. The messenger gave small presents around, and then chanted a call, which was answered by the Indians outside; then the long line of them came stooping in and took their places. There is no chief in this tribe; but the people are mostly led by two medicine-men, — shamans. These leaders wear a head-dress made of wolf and wolverine fur, with fur streamers down their backs, and each carries a wand made from the tail of these animals that are called chiefs among the beasts. The visitors were then given, in token of friendship, frozen fish! (which is fresh) and loaves of bread and tobacco.

"The walls of the Kashime are ebony from smoke; and soon, when the men were all smoking and breathing, the air became dense. It was 42° below, outside. We had come in with a fringe of frost on our eyebrows and lashes into a climate

of close summer heat. But for the strange attraction of the scene, the place would have been unbearable. On the floor sat the women in fur parkas, with the soles of their boots turned up. On a shelf above them sat the men smoking, their knees drawn up to their chins or else cross-legged. The picture I have seen of Kashime dances makes the room appear much lighter than it appears here: rows of lanterns hanging from the crossbeams do not reflect much light from a black ceiling. On the floor in the centre were lanterns like footlights; behind these stood the drummers and the singers. When the assembly was settled, the leaders opposite each other stretched out their wands, then, stooping, touched the brush to the floor, and then raised it high above their heads. The singers hissed s-s-ss! then gr-gr-ger! like a bear, and the drums burst into a storm of valorous noise. At the end of all the songs there was a cry like some bird, generally the crow or goose. The leaders throughout controlled the music,—*pianissimo* with coy grimacings behind their wands and a gentle rhythm of their stomachs and hips, then *crescendo*; the movement became violent, every muscle and part of their bodies moved except their feet; the fur crowns shook with each gesture, making them look wild and savage. There was the fish-net dance, the bow-and-arrow dance, and some masked dancing; but mostly the men and women danced as the music moved them, sometimes several at once—all in rhythm with the tune. The onlookers appeared extraordinarily unmoved, the women gazed blankly, and the men puffed smoke between their knees. If I could talk to you, I could hum for you the tunes. They are very different from those I heard at Menana; these songs are mostly all of Eskimo origin, as I believe (in spite of the fact that there is no proof) the people are themselves."